

THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

SIMPLE TRUST.

I do not know why sin abounds
Within this world so fair,
Why numerous discordant sounds
Destroy the heavenly air—
I can't explain this thing, I must
Rely on God in simple trust.

I do not know why pain and loss
Oft fall unto my lot.
Why I must bear the heavy cross
When I desire it not—
I do not know, unless 'tis just
To teach my soul in God to trust.

I know not why the evil seems
Supreme on every hand;
Why suffering flows in endless streams
I do not understand—
Solution comes not to adjust
These mysteries. I can but trust.

I do not know why grief's dark cloud
Bedims my sunny sky,
The tear of bitterness allowed
To swell within my eye—
But, sorrow-stricken to the dust,
I will look up to God and trust.

—R. F. Mayer.

THE PACIFIC

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The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in use since 1219. But "Old Glory" is older if achievements count.

The reelection of Judge Dunne in San Francisco was a triumph for the graft prosecution. Every possible effort was put forth by the opposition to defeat him.

It is estimated that the railroads of this country will have to spend approximately \$5,000,000,000 in improvements during the next few years to keep up with the increase of traffic.

The probabilities are that it will not take as much time to try Abraham Reuf in the San Francisco courts as it took to secure a jury. Seventy-one days were required for that. Evidently the law as to juries needs alteration.

It is reported that a Chinese has invented an improved method of wireless telegraphy, greatly simplifying the methods now in use. The people who gave gunpowder to the world may be expected to figure prominently in the inventions and discoveries of the future.

The securing of Theodore Roosevelt by the management of The Outlook as a special contributing editor will add greatly to the popularity of that already very popular journal. Mr. Roosevelt has stood for some time as a leader in the great movement toward an industrial democracy. Throughout his administration at Washington he has been a great preacher of righteousness, and our nation is today on a far higher plane of ethical living than it would have been without his heroic positions and utterances. Through The Outlook he can continue to have an immense influence in shaping the nation's future.

The Sunday before the election seventy-five of the pastors of churches in Denver, Colorado, spoke in their pulpits for Judge Lindsay, advocating his reelection. Largely the women were for him; the women vote in Colorado, and the Judge scored a great triumph as an independent candidate. Whom the politicians turned down the people took up. This will be more and more the case henceforth whenever men are nominated who do not have at heart the best interests of the people. This government was meant to be a government of the people, by the people, for the people.

An effort is being made to have the first week in the Church year, the one known as the first week in Advent, which falls this year from Nov. 29 to Dec. 6, observed as a Week of Prayer instead of the week in January suggested for a long time by the Evangelical Alliance. Last year the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, interested brotherhoods in other denominations, mainly in the Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist churches, in this movement and recommendation was made to this effect. The indications now are that the week named will be observed widely. Objection is made to the first week in January that it is the busiest of the year and that the first week in Advent would if generally designated secure a much better attendance at the prayer services.

The word "Mohawk" was used in The Pacific three times last week where "Mohonk" should have been used. A linotype operator made the change from the right word to the wrong one, thinking that he was doing the editor a favor, and the error escaped the proof-reader,—who as editor wrote the words correctly in his manuscript. Strange! does some reader say? No, not at all strange. The proof sheets for the whole paper were read in less than an hour and a half. The mind, on which was imprinted the right word, seemed to see that word on the printed slip. When last Saturday a certain page of the paper was glanced at for an instant only, the eye fell on the word "Mohawk," and great was the astonishment.

It is not surprising that Democratic governors were elected in Ohio and Indiana. Republican legislators and governors, aided by a few Democrats, enacted the local option laws under which a very large number of saloons have been put out of existence. The county local option law in Ohio went into effect the first of September, and before the election day in November thirty-five of the eighty-eight counties in the state had voted out the saloons—only two of the counties in which the contest was made giving a majority for the accursed traffic. And it was the general opinion that before another year had rolled around anti-saloon victories would be registered in seventy-five of the eighty-eight counties, and then soon a state prohibitory law would find its way on the statute books of that great commonwealth. It was a Republican governor in Indiana who called a special session of the legislature and led in the enactment of a county local option law in that state under which it is expected that thousands of saloons will be wiped out of existence soon. In Ohio the governor who had signed the county option law was up for reelection. In Indiana this was not the case, but the Democratic candidate for governor in Indiana stood for a law which would give merely the wards or precincts opportunity to vote on the saloon question, while the Republican candidate stood for that which his party, aided by a few Democratic members of the legislature, had made the law of the state a few weeks before. Of course all the strength of the saloon interests was turned against the Republican candidates for the governorship and the legislature. Both the candidates for governor were defeated and a large number of candidates for the legislature. There is reason for the belief that the defeat in Indiana of two of the Republican candidates for congress was due to this cause. But it is not likely that the county option laws will be repealed even though in Indiana the legislature is Democratic. Democrats as well as Republicans want that law to stand.

PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

Southern California is expecting a large number of tourists this winter.

Three new buildings will be dedicated by Pomona College at Claremont, California, on the 21st of this month. Progress is the watchword at Pomona.

Very few of the Congregational churches in Northern California are without pastors now. The same, we believe, may be said of Southern California. In Oregon and Washington the vacancies are few also.

During the last eight years the contributions of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles for home expenses have increased from \$7,400 to \$14,400; and those for benevolences from \$3,400 to \$15,000.

The Sacramento Union puts forth the following caustic remark and question: "Now that the voters have decided that Berkeley is not a fit place for the state capital, is it not in order to remove the state university to some more respectable community?"

The report of the superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of California shows an expenditure of \$29,771.53 in carrying on the work for the year ending June 1st, 1908. The receipts were \$31,979.38. The previous year the expenses were \$25,438.94.

The special attention of the women of our churches is called to the Oregon Letter this week in which our correspondent has incorporated the interesting paper which was read by Mrs. Eggert of Portland at the recent meeting of the national federation of women's home missionary unions.

President Penrose of Whitman College, who has been East in the interests of the "Greater Whitman," says that the outlook is encouraging for the consummation of the plans adopted a few months ago to place the college on such a financial basis that it will be for the Pacific Northwest what Yale and Harvard are to the East.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons of Chicago will spend the winter in Southern California—mostly at Claremont, we presume, where he had a very enjoyable time last winter seeing day by day the good his gifts to Pomona College were doing. He is on his way to the coast now and will be at the educational conference at Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington, next week.

California College, a Baptist educational institution situated in Oakland, is in great need of money for current expenses and equipment and may have to close if aid is not forthcoming. Our Baptist brethren have attempted too much in California. It is difficult for a denomination to maintain one college in a state having such universities as those at Berkeley and Palo Alto. But the Baptist are dividing on the Oakland institution and a projected one at Redlands in Southern California.

The Rev. H. V. Rominger has resigned from the pastorate at Laurel, Montana, and will make his residence in Portland for a year or more. He will be available as a pulpit supply and for kindred work. Mr. Rominger has had pastorates in Washington, Oregon and California. He is a man of scholarly attainments—a fine writer and a good speaker. When resident on the coast several years ago he was a frequent contributor to the columns of *The Pacific*.

Perhaps we shall be able to enlist his pen in that way again.

The Rev. L. L. Wirt, for some time pastor of one of the Congregational churches of London, England, is expected in the United States about the middle of this month. Mr. Wirt will be remembered widely in Northern California for his vigorous and able work as superintendent of the Sunday School and Publishing Society. Soon after he finished his work in Alaska he went to Australia and later to England, where he has done an enduring work. We are not informed whether his stay in this country will be temporary or permanent.

The Rev. Dr. McKenzie, pastor of the Rutgers Presbyterian Church, New York City, has been elected president of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, at San Anselmo. Dr. McKenzie was connected with the seminary for many years while pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco. He will enter on his duties at San Anselmo at the beginning of the next seminary year. His coming will add another able and popular man to the list of professors already at San Anselmo, and will strengthen the seminary in every way.

The college church at Claremont of which the Rev. Dr. Henry Kingman has been the beloved pastor for several years has secured an assistant pastor in the person of the Rev. George Irving. Mr. Irving will act also as secretary of the Y. M. C. A. The church at Claremont has a membership of more than 400, and with the large student body in the college there is ample work for a pastor and an assistant. Dr. Kingman and his assistant, Mr. Irving, do not have an easy field of labor, but they have an inviting one—one of far-reaching influence.

"No such crowd ever assembled in Los Angeles for the first night of an opera, or even for a rally at the most exciting period of the recent Presidential campaign as gathered" on Sunday afternoon at the opening of the Dr. Torrey revival meetings, says the Los Angeles Times. So great was the crowd in the street in front of the tabernacle that for a time the street cars were stopped. Hundreds were turned away finally, unable to gain admittance. The tabernacle seats 5000. An overflow meeting addressed by Mr. Jacoby, Dr. Torrey's assistant, was held.

An Educational Congress convenes at Walla Walla, Washington, the seat of Whitman College, the 17th of this month. It is in connection with the college and under its auspices. Several prominent educators in the East will be in attendance, among them President Northrup of the University of Minnesota, Dean Burton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., secretary of Yale and representatives from Harvard and Princeton. The United States Forestry and Reclamation Bureau will send some able representative to speak with reference to education along that line.

Charles Foster Kent, Woolsey, Professor of Biblical Literature at Yale, has been secured by the Sunday-school commission of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of California for lectures during the first two weeks of December. The lectures in San Francisco will be on the 7th, 9th and 11th, at St. Stephen's parish hall on Fulton street, near Fillmore. Lectures will be given also in Berkeley and Oakland. They will be concerning the aims and methods of the prophets, priests and sages of the Old Testament times. It is said that Professor Foster stands at the forefront among the

scholars seeking the adaptation of the results of modern scholarship to the needs of those to whom the detailed critical work is not available or suitable.

The Oregonian, of Portland, quotes Scripture and quotes it for a good cause. Stating that Mrs. Dorcas J. Spencer of this state said at the W. C. T. U. meeting in Denver that the California Wine Growers' Association advocated the giving of wine to children as soon as they were weaned, the Oregonian asks, "What Says the Wise Man of Antiquity?" Quoting then his words, "Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging, and whoso is deceived thereby is not wise," the Oregonian remarks: "These words, verified by the experience of mankind throughout the ages, should be sufficient answer to the assertion that habitual wine drinking is beneficial to all—even to children." This is a little mixed. But the Oregonian is headed in the right direction and will reach the right goal in time.

The Rev. Chester P. Dorland of Plymouth Church, Long Beach, who has given the Emmanuel Movement considerable study, writes concerning it: "The method of approach to this movement is one of reverence as in the presence of a great power. It is an attempt to lay hold of the power which Christ committed to his disciples when it is said, 'He gave them power and authority over all demons and to cure diseases.'" Mr. Dorland is of opinion that the Emmanuel Movement "is meeting a great need." He remarks that while it is not proper to call the movement Mind Healing, Faith Cure, Divine Healing or New Thought, yet that it contains things in common with these.

A monument now marks the spot where the log cabin of the first Protestant missionaries among the Indians north of the Snake river in Eastern Washington was erected in 1838. On the 10th of September, 1838, the Revs. Cushing Eells and Elkanah Walker left the mission at Wallatpu, near Walla Walla, to establish a mission among the Spokane Indians. After visiting several places they decided on a spot in a valley called Tshimakian, now known as Walker prairie, about 35 miles northwest of the city of Spokane. Here on the 28th of September they began with the help of the Indians the construction of the log cabin, the site of which the Washington Historical Society and the Congregational churches of the state marked a few days ago with a monument. About the middle of October the missionaries returned to their homes, and then in March of the following year went with their families to the new station. The interesting paper on Cushing Eells as a Church Builder, which appears elsewhere in this issue of The Pacific, was read at the unveiling of the monument on the 29th of October this year. Among the persons present at the unveiling was the Hon. Edwin Eells of Tacoma, who was born in that mission cabin, and who gave one of the historical addresses on that occasion.

Those who read our account of the Indian Conference at Riverside last April will remember, perhaps, the mention that was made of the good work done by Miss Clara D. True, a government agent for some of the Southern California reservations. Miss True attended the recent Mohonk Conference. Isabel C. Barrows, in an article concerning the conference, in the Christian Register, says of her: "She has done more toward suppressing outlawry and intemperance than any other agent in that part of the world. This gentle little woman, slight as a willow wand, with a bright, alert face, on one occasion rounded up seventeen law-break-

ers,—Chinese, Japanese, Mexicans, greasers, half-breeds,—under the guard of two stalwart Indian policemen. She arrived with them at the jail and wished to have them incarcerated. 'Where is the officer in charge?' asked the jailer. 'I am,' said the little woman. The jailer was aghast. He had but two of the necessary blanks for their commitment, and they had to send to Los Angeles for the other fifteen, so little was he used to having such offenders brought to justice. But Miss True carried the day, won her case, and that part of the country has been redeemed to civilization through her efforts."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

New York City spends about thirty million dollars a year in public and private charities.

Night play-grounds for boys and girls who work during the day are suggested at Washington, D. C.

The Sunday before the election Dr. Gunsaulus condemned in his pulpit in Chicago the bigotry of the attempt to defeat Judge Taft because of his Unitarianism.

Twenty-one out of twenty-four election districts in Iceland declared a few weeks ago in favor of national prohibition of the liquor traffic. The national parliament will fix the day after which the traffic must cease.

Just before the election Bishop Hamilton of the Methodist Episcopal Church wrote a letter of protest against the movement among his brethren to defeat Speaker Cannon, up for re-election to Congress. That doubtless helped greatly in Cannon's favor.

A German scientist and mining expert suggests the wisdom of experimenting to see whether electrical energy of great power and importance may not be obtained from the interior of the earth. He gives instances of the magnetization of driven well tubes.

One of the striking changes in Turkey is that as to the freedom of the press. There are not less than forty newspapers now. The presses are overworked and the paper for printing purposes frequently gives out and the files show a variety of colors, as in the early days in California when common wrapping paper was sometimes used.

Negroes from Africa to the number of several thousand have come to the United States during the last five years. During the last six months more than a thousand have come. They come from the Cape Verde Islands, which are situated about 300 miles from the coast of Africa. Some are of mixed blood—African and Portuguese. They have settled largely in Massachusetts, to a great extent in the Cape Cod towns.

About 80,000 automobiles are made annually now in the United States, and the vehicle is used all around the world. It is very popular already in Japan, China, Siam and India. Everywhere prejudice has been overcome and it seems that the automobile is to play a prominent part henceforth in the affairs of mankind. It is a great time-saver and falls in with the rapidity with which people wish to live nowadays.

The director of prisons for Porto Rico states that crime on that island is confined almost entirely to the lowest stratum of society, where almost absolute illiteracy prevails. "This opinion is based upon the fact that of the 1699 pris-

oners serving sentences in the penitentiary and seven district jails for periods ranging from six months to life terms. 1235 can neither read nor write. Our prisons rarely open their doors to persons in the middle or upper spheres of life, and no member of the learned professions or mercantile class is confined in our jails. One thousand and sixty-one prisoners are common peons (laborers), and there are only four small property owners among all the inmates."

Secretary Anderson of the Congregational Council furnishes us the following list of delegates appointed to the Federal Council of the Churches which meets in Philadelphia Dec. 3-8: Rev. Raymond Calkins, Maine; Prof. E. A. Steiner, Iowa; Rev. A. E. Dunning, Massachusetts; Rev. Washington Gladden, Ohio; Rev. Wm. Hayes Ward, New York; Rev. F. T. Rouse, Nebraska; President George A. Gates, California; Rev. R. H. Potter, Connecticut; Rev. G. Glenn Atkins, Michigan; Hon. Geo. E. Perley; Rev. W. A. Bartlett, Illinois; Rev. Albert J. Lyman, New York; President M. H. Buckham, Vermont; Rev. E. B. Sanford, New York; Rev. W. H. Bolster, New Hampshire; Mr. E. H. Pitkin, Illinois; Rev. Doremus Scudder, T. I.; Hon. T. C. MacMillan, Illinois; Rev. Asher Anderson, Massachusetts; Rev. Joel S. Ives, Connecticut.

Dr. Hillis' suggestions as to "twin pastors" are worthy careful consideration. The Boston Transcript cites the following successful effort of that kind: "For years Hugh Price Hughes and Rev. Mark Guy Pearse had parishes in widely separated sections of the city. By a regular exchange of pulpits they cut their sermon-writing in two and doubled their efficiency in pastoral work. Each Sunday each church had its two services, one conducted by Hughes, the other conducted by Pearse, the evening sermon being always a repetition of the other church's morning sermon. A further advantage: each minister had the inspiration of realizing when preparing a discourse that he was to deliver it before twice as many hearers as the usual preacher addresses. As for the laity, they got the best intellectual output of two gifted clergymen, instead of the fagged and merely second-best intellectual output of one clergyman. It was a good arrangement and splendidly successful." Such an arrangement between a strong church and a weak one would be an application of the principles and teaching of Jesus.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst of New York has resigned from his position at the head of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. The New York Post says: "The withdrawal of the minister from the society means the end of an affiliation that has resulted in more disclosures of municipal ills, furnished more 'newspaper copy' and led more pulpit movements than any other local civic force of the last two decades. What will be the future of the Society for the Prevention of Crime is problematical. Certain it is that heretofore Dr. Parkhurst has been, in effect, the whole society. It has had many other members, and occasionally Frank Moss, its counsel, or some other individual, was temporarily conspicuous; but Dr. Parkhurst, from the public viewpoint, has always been the dictator. From the period when he and the society came into local fame by reason of instigating the Lexow investigation to the recent time when he declared himself 'tired of police matters,' hardly a month passed without some word from the city's censor. By epigram, in and out of his pulpit, and by letters to public officers, or attacks through the press, Dr. Parkhurst has kept the city informed about the defects of those elected to run it." But Dr. Parkhurst states that he resigns because the society is

well endowed now and able to continue its work independently. The society he believes ought to do a larger work than he is able personally to supervise. He states that his church work is pressing upon him, and that he hopes to undertake soon another work not unlike that done by the society, but about which he cannot at present speak further. This famous preacher began as a Congregationalist at Lenox, Massachusetts, in 1874. In 1880 he went to the Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York City. It was his description of the city after a Tammany return to power—"Hell with the lid off"—which originated the word "lid" in its colloquial sense.

A religious training school and Chautauqua for the colored race is to be established at Hillsboro, North Carolina. It will be modelled after the Winona Assembly and Northfield Bible School. Dr. James E. Shepard, a negro, who has for several years been actively engaged in Sunday-school work under the auspices of the International Sunday-school Committee, is the prime mover and has already secured a desirable tract of land and several promises of financial assistance. A strong, useful religious training by means of a literary course for illiterate clergymen, a special course for Sunday-school teachers, and courses designed to fit young men and women for Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. work, are some of the special features, to which will be added practical experiments in settlement work and established practical industries. Dr. Shepard has associated with him in this work some of the most influential negroes of the country, and is endorsed by leading men of both races. He declares that the hope of the race lies in the salvation of the young, and that specially trained teachers must do the work if it is to be effective. In speaking of the advantages of a religious training for the negro, he said: "It awakens the sluggish, dormant energies of the individual, and turns him into channels of usefulness and service. It lessens crime, reduces idleness, stops violence, and teaches lessons of restraint. It builds up a better citizenship and checks the great waste of human material found in the chain gangs, jails and penitentiaries. Make a man practically religious, and the industrial and educational side will take care of itself. Any education that will cause the betterment of a race must be founded upon moral and religious training."

A FAMILIAR OLD-TIME POEM.

A poem long familiar doubtless to nearly all the adult readers of The Pacific begins with the stanza—

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land."

The author of the poem, Mrs. Julia A. Carney, passed on into the life beyond a few days ago from her home at Galesburg, Illinois. She was born in Massachusetts in 1823, and the poem was written many years ago. The other stanzas are:

"So the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity."

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"So the little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue
Far in sin to stray

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Help to make earth happy
Like the heaven above."

Another poem by Mrs. Carney, one widely known, is in part as follows:

"Think gently of the erring;
Lord, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet,
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the selfsame God;
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

"Speak gently to him, brother,
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee."

SOME OF OUR VETERANS.

W. N. Burr.

I came home from the Sacramento Conference with regard for the fathers freshened and intensified. I know now a little better than I ever knew before how thoughtful and wise some of our Convention speakers are who address not the brethren only, but "Fathers and Brethren," as they look into the faces before them. We had some of these "fathers" at Sacramento, and they filled a larger place there, no doubt, than they imagined.

There was Deacon Sweetser sitting on a front seat, and probably not hearing one word that was said! What a rebuke to the self-centered reasoning that always reaches out to get, with no sense of obligation to give whether one can get anything for himself or not! "What is there in it for me?" the man of expediences and policies always asks; and if there seems to be nothing in it for his own pleasure or pocket-book he is quite inclined to have nothing to do with that "it." Now Deacon Sweetser could not get much out of the Conference proceedings, at least not through the sense of hearing; but he was in his place, and the hearts of all the rest of us were made a little more tender as we turned our eyes upon him, and recalled his long life of faithful identification with the church of the Living God in the midst of the idolatries of a rather godless frontier. When he was introduced to the Conference as "Deacon Sweetser, 89 years old, and a member of the Sacramento church since its organization in '49," we felt as proud of him as any company of soldiers feels toward one of its marked heroes. Since the Conference I have been reading his "History of the First Congregational Church in Sacramento." I have also glanced at "Some Random Reminiscences of Men and Events," by John D. Rockefeller, now running as a serial through one of the leading magazines. And somehow the old-king's story seems to pale be-

fore that of the man who went to Sacramento almost sixty years ago, and placed his name on the list with other charter member of the pioneer church of Sacramento within sixty days after his arrival, and has "stayed by it" ever since, closely identified with its interests through all these years. That expression "stayed by it" may be more common than elegant, but in a land where the number of former church people who have not "stayed by it" is distressingly large, it is a comfort to find a faithful veteran who has felt the pressure of California life for almost sixty years and has remained steadfast, immovable in allegiance to the church. By the way, Prof. Buckham said something at the Conference that should not be lost. Sydney Yarrow began his paper on "The Church Service as Worship" with these words: "Man worships instinctively." In the discussion which followed Prof. Buckham said: "Perhaps a man has at last been found who does not worship instinctively—the Californian!"

Although in physical vigor he is almost the youngest man among us, yet I suppose we must place Father Rowell among our Conference veterans. If he is not yet ninety years old he soon will be, and he is a veritable Moses for "natural force." I rather think he could hold the record with Moses, too, in the matter of the undimmed eye, for I saw him reading Deacon Sweetser's "History of the Sacramento Church" without glasses. Father Rowell came to the hotel breakfast-table one morning with a step like that of a man facing the day's work with strength and joy, and as he seated himself he said with a laugh: "If I were making a race of men I would make them so they would never be obliged to eat and sleep. We waste so much good time, made as we are, in just eating and sleeping!" That man enticed two or three much younger men into a discussion one night after the Conference session, and wore them all out, whether he convinced them or not. "It is getting late, and I must go to my room," yawned one who had taken the most active part in the discussion with the veteran. "I don't want to go to bed for an hour yet," rejoined the man who ran past the three-score-and-ten mile-post some twenty years ago. I think I am not mistaken in saying that Father Rowell has attended every one of the fifty-two annual gatherings of the State Association-Conference. At any rate, he visited the Holy Land during the past year, and is back here now telling us all about it. Perhaps this vigorous veteran could give us pointers on "Psychotherapy" that neither the "Emmanuel movement" men nor any of the rest of us have yet found.

I occasionally receive a letter from one of our veterans bearing a message of encouragement concerning these chronicles in The Pacific. He was not in attendance at the Sacramento Conference, but his is an honored name in this fellowship. A few weeks ago the youngest member of my family was passing through a neighbor's chicken-yard on his way to a fig-tree, when his eye lighted upon a dilapidated old book lying in the dusty refuse. Reverence for books was born in that youngster, and he rescued it from its ignominy. A few moments later he came into my study with the eagerness of a boy combined with that of a man who has just discovered a gold-mine, and handed me the old, weather-stained volume. I found it to be the Proceedings of the Convention for forming the Constitution for the State of California held in Monterey in September, 1849—a volume of nearly four hundred and fifty pages all done in Spanish. And the minutes of the opening session of that Convention inform us that "El Reverendo S. H. WILLEY hizo las preces." This is the man who "organized

the first school after the gold era in California, at Monterey, in 1849;" who "established the first public library in the State, also at Monterey, and afterward was instrumental in starting the public school system in San Francisco;" and who was one of the founders of the College of California which has since grown into the University of California.

Dr. Willey writes with a trembling hand in these days, but back of the unsteady hand lie convictions that never falter. "There is the greatest present need of square, open and positive assertion of the plain gospel, no matter who, or how many, set themselves to construct another gospel," he wrote me a few months ago.

We sometimes bewail the lack of religious life and enthusiasm in the Northern and Central portions of this State; but what would the condition be had it not been for such men as these stalwart veterans of ours!

Tulare, November 6, 1908.

CUSHING EELLS AS A CHURCH BUILDER.

By Jonathan Edwards.

(A paper read at the unveiling of the monument to mark the place of the beginning of the first Protestant missionary work north of the Snake river in Eastern Washington.)

The pioneer missionaries of the Pacific North-West deserve a place among the makers of history. Their achievements entitle them to the honor, admiration and gratitude of successive generations. They were the founders of a new empire, and the ushers of Christian civilization to the land of the setting sun, a region of unsurpassed resources. In a marked sacrificing manner they exhibited the humble, heroic and self-sacrificing spirit of the early apostles, and the great missionaries of all ages. It was their high privilege to lay deep, strong and enduring foundations on which others were to erect magnificent superstructures, and thus exert a far-reaching and perennial influence upon numbers unknown. Though dead they yet speak and we have entered into their labors, and it is but reasonable that we should endeavor to perpetuate their memories as well as learn the lessons illuminated by their strenuous lives. Though the missionaries of all names, Protestant and Catholic, as a rule were of the same character and worthy of encomium, but today, our thoughts are centered on particular ones; viz, Rev. Cushing Eells, D.D., and Rev. Elkanah Walker, and their worthy wives. They were unadulterated New Englanders, thoroughly imbued by the Puritanic spirit which made them what they were. Mr. Walker was a man of towering stature and thus impressed the Indians. That has something to do, perhaps, that this prairie is named after him which is a fine monument. Dr. G. H. Atkinson, the missionary statesman, in his memorial address refers to Mr. Walker, as a man of excellent qualities, and a thoroughly consecrated man. It enhances my interest in him that we graduated at the same theological seminary, and also because he was a classmate of one of the greatest and best known missionaries, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the founder of Robert College, Constantinople, and the shrewd Yankee who was more than a match to the cunning Sultan of Turkey. After spending forty years in Turkey he returned to this country, and I attended his lectures when professor of theology at Bangor, Maine.

Cushing Eells deserves the first place among the missionaries of Washington. He devoted half a century in missionary labor, and did his best work in this region. He lived in the day of small things, and worked by faith and not by sight, as far as visible results were concerned, but

the fruits of his labors are evident all around today, and I trust that they enhance his bliss in the home above. I deem it one of the great privileges of my life to have known him, and associate with him as I did in his lowly cabin on the outskirts of Cheney. I visited him often there and at Medical Lake, where he had a cosy home, and where he was happy in his work. He preached to me the most vehement sermon he ever preached, occasioned by the contemptible sectarian conduct of some people. In that sermon was revealed the man, yea, the hero aroused by holy indignation. I heard him preach other carefully prepared sermons full of tenderness and love; I heard him pray as few can pray; I dined and lodged with him and he with me; I associated with him as trustee of Whitman College, and know how he loved that institution and would have given his life for it. He had his weaknesses like other mortals. But he was as true as steel, as genuine as gold, as guileless as a child, unassuming to a fault, to the world unreasonably unselfish, conscientious, consecrated, courageous,—a thoroughly good man.

Cushing Eells began his remarkable career as a builder of churches on this very spot, and here as elsewhere he builded much better than he knew. When he and Mr. Walker, aided by the Indians, put those rough logs together, that he designated to me as "pig pens," they began Christian work in what is now the State of Washington. They had not been preceded by any settled missionary. Rev. Samuel Parker, another Congregational minister, and a missionary of the American Board, traveled through this region, across the Spokane valley, and through the Colville valley to the Columbia, in the spring of 1836. Though Eells and Walker did not organize a church here, they did erect a building for the purpose of worshiping God and teach the Indians, and without their preparatory work no such results that subsequently followed the labors of missionaries among the Spokane Indians could be possible. Next we find Dr. Eells, after Providence had compelled him to leave the mission at this place,—Tshim-a-kain, or Walker's prairie,—at Forest Grove, Oregon, aiding in erecting the first Congregational church at that place, the seat of Pacific University. He donated the land on which the building was erected, and \$1,000; and Mrs. Eells obtained the money and purchased a good portion of the furnishings. That church today, perhaps, is exerting an influence second to none in the State of Oregon.

In 1859, we find him in the Walla Walla valley, preaching the first Protestant sermon after the white people had begun to settle there. That was really the beginning of our home missionary work in the Inland Empire and Washington. In the same year he had the approval of the Oregon Congregational Association, to go to Wai-il-at-pu, and establish a Seminary in memory of Marcus Whitman, the Pathfinder, and martyr of Oregon, and also act as home missionary in that region. It was not his fault that he was not commissioned as such. He began regular preaching in the Walla Walla valley in 1860, and it was his privilege to deliver what I believe to be the first Fourth of July oration in the Inland Empire. Through his instrumentality one of the most brilliant and courageous preachers of early days came to Walla Walla, Rev. P. E. Chamberlain, and with the hearty co-operation and generous aid of Dr. Eells the first Congregational church in the State of Washington was instituted, which church is today unsurpassed in its formative influence on young minds. After his home at Wai-il-atpu, had been consumed by fire, Providence led him to Skokomish Reservation, where he labored faithfully

among both Indians and whites from 1872 to 1874. He did the first missionary work on the Reservation and adjacent country, and organized the first church. In the meantime he utilized his spare time by laying the foundation of a church at Olympia.

In the year 1874 he heard of the marvelous work of grace among the Spokane Indians, under Rev. H. S. Spaulding and Rev. H. T. Cowley, when 253 were baptized and many of them hopefully converted. Eells was a teacher and pastor, Spaulding an evangelist; Eells a seed sower and cultivator, Spaulding a harvester or reaper. Eells came to this country imbued with the New England ultra-orthodox conception of conversion. He was doubtless severely conservative and cautious, and, perhaps, expected too much of the Indians in the way of evidence of a change of heart. This accounts for the lack of apparent results during the decade that he and Walker labored here. But subsequent history demonstrated the thoroughness of the work done, and confirmed the promise that the labor of the faithful will not be in vain in the Lord. The work of Spaulding is described by Rev. H. T. Cowley, in an article in the *Spokesman-Review*. Mr. Cowley is the real successor of Eells and Walker as missionary to the Spokane Indians, and I believe is the only survivor of those who came as foreign missionaries. He says that Rev. H. H. Spaulding was visited by a delegation of Spokane Indians in 1873, and urged to spend a few weeks among them. He yielded to their persuasion and held enthusiastic revival meetings and a large number were hopefully converted and many united with the church. Mr. Cowley says: "I think it may fairly land to the aims of the early missionaries, Eells, Walker and Spaulding."

As I have intimated, when Dr. Eells heard that his beloved Indians had received a refreshing from on high, and that a large number had yielded their hearts to the Savior, he felt that his prayers had been heard, and he hastened to the scene of his early missionary labors. For he could say with Paul that his heart's desire and prayer to God had been, that they might be saved. His heart was made glad when he saw a flourishing mission among the Spokanes. It was his privilege to see a congregation of over 300 Indians worshipping together, and a goodly number partaking of the Lord's supper. He did missionary work in the Colville valley in 1874 and 1875, preaching to the white settlers and the Indians, and on the centennial year of American Independence he delivered the first Fourth of July oration in the Colville valley. Eastern Washington became the field of his missionary operations from this time on to near the end of his earthly career. With all the attractions of the west side, and his attachment to his children, who wanted him to be with them, his heart was on this side of the mountains where he had sown seed in tears for the Master. As his son puts it, it seemed like a magnet drawing him. Was not a prophetic vision vouchsafed him, that by his work here he was to immortalize his name?

At this time of life, the Psalmist's allotted period of man's earthly career, he entered upon a campaign of vigorous missionary operations, that continued for a decade, that puts to shame the most of young ministers. It is fittingly expressed on the memorial window of the Westminster Congregational Church, Spokane—"Always abounding in good works." He made for himself a field of labor, without commission, or any set compensation, covering what is now a part of four counties, and about 300 miles from north to south. Well has his worthy son, Dr. Myron

Eells, whose comparatively early decease we all deplore, said: "He made of himself a sort of independent home missionary, church building and education society." He preached the first sermon by a Congregationalist minister in the Palouse country, and for several years went among the early settlers to tell the story of the cross, to bury the dead and comfort the living. He organized the Congregational church at Colfax and was its pastor for several years. He labored and prayed for it, and contributed largely toward the church building. During the years that he was pastor of the church he made periodical trips as far as Colville, taking his frugal meals beside crystal streams, and making his bed under branching trees with his saddle for his pillow. He preached on the way wherever he could find a few settlers and a welcome, at Steptoe Butte, Lone Pine, Marshall, Chewelah and other places. His preaching was not of the ordinary frontier style, and was not appreciated by all because too full of solid food. His preaching was far superior in matter and style to that of the majority of preachers of those days, as well as these days. His sermons were of the Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Davies, Hopkins and Taylor type, carefully prepared, written in full, scriptural and theological, to a great extent expository. His sentences were stereotyped, concise and characteristic. He was neither a ranter nor an orator, but always earnest, serious and impressive.

In 1879 he organized a church at Chewelah, some of the members being among the oldest settlers in the Colville valley. He had been preaching to them occasionally for years, and had offered a thousand dollars toward a church building. It was in 1892 that one was erected, and it was his privilege to be present and participate at the dedication,—just 54 years to the day from the time he had first camped on the same spot. His last important act on earth, a few days before his decease, was to order a bell for that church. It, with dozen other bells, among his gifts to the churches of Washington, rings out in clarion tones, inviting young and old to the house of worship. In the year 1879 he also assisted in the organization of the first church of Spokane, and in due time participated in the dedicatory service of the building. He contributed liberally and also gave the bell which new rings from the tower of Westminster Church.

After much personal work in conjunction with Deacon G. R. Andrus, of honored memory, the church at Cheney was organized by him in a hall over a bar-room. He was its first pastor, and it was the subject of his ardent prayers to the end of his life on earth. He preached the first sermon in the locality of Sprague. On their journeys from Walla Walla to their mission Mr. Walker and he camped several times, and spent one or two Sundays on the shores of the lake two miles west of Sprague. The first place of worship in Sprague was built at his expense, and lots for a church were purchased by him before the railroad was built to that place. To that church he contributed \$500 and three lots.

As early as 1880 he preached in the vicinity of Medical Lake, and for years it was one of his preaching places. He was the first on the ground as in nearly all his preaching stations. He never infringed on another one's territory, or entered a field already occupied. He conscientiously avoided building on another's foundation, or entering into another's labors, and it was unaccountable to him, and a source of heartache because others did it. Scholars find it somewhat difficult to decide as to what Paul's thorn in

the flesh was, but I can say with confidence that Father Eells' thorn in the flesh was the un-Christian conduct of narrow sectarianists, having more zeal than knowledge.

He purchased church lots at Medical Lake as soon as the town was incorporated, and offered a goodly sum of money toward a building. But while he and others were deliberating and planning, a theological "smarty" came from the East and built a cheap chapel, thinking that he had accomplished wonders for the Master, and doubtless his masterful feat was published in some missionary magazine. Is it not quite significant that today, one of the most substantial village churches, and also a good parsonage, adorns Father Eells' lots, and also an organization and ministry that is a credit to any denomination, while the other is no more. The organization at Medical Lake was effected in 1883, and Dr. Eells was pastor of the church for several years. I can testify that over twenty years ago he had a few choice members that gave character to the church. During the last years of his abode in Eastern Washington, in addition to caring for the last church mentioned, he fostered several others, made occasional trips to Colville valley, and had preaching appointments such as Marshall, Half Moon prairie, and Pleasant Prairie. He had unusual pleasure in his visits and ministrations to the latter place where he found kindred spirits and congenial association around the wide fireplace of the Belden family.

After 50 years of ministerial service, with trying vicissitudes, often burdened with a sense that his work had been a failure, he reluctantly left this region and went to live with his honored son near Tacoma. I visited him there and united in prayer around the family altar.

But though he left in body he was here much of the time in spirit, and earnest petitions to God in behalf of his churches continued. That is the reason perhaps, that as far as I know, no branch of God's vineyard planted and cultivated by him, and moistened by his tears has failed to grow. Subsequent to his departure we find substantial evidence of his continued interest, such as ordering a 300-lb bell to be sent to Rev. David Wirt, pastor of Medical Lake church,—another father in Israel and founder of churches, whose name must not be forgotten. Dr. Eells came this way annually until his death, and it was my pleasure to meet him. In the fall of 1890 he delivered his carefully prepared discourse on the early missions, and Marcus Whitman's Massacre, at the First and Second Congregational churches of Spokane. It was delivered with vigor and made an impression.

I have given an outline of his work as a builder of churches. It is not phenomenal from the numerical standpoint, not so as compared with that of those whose fields of operation have been large cities or thickly populated districts. It was not his privilege to talk to the crowds, but he did much harder work, that is, addressing a few here and there in sparsely settled communities. As I have intimated it was the day of small things, the seed sowing period. When we consider the conditions, the nature of the work, that he was a John the Baptist crying in the wilderness, "prepare ye the way of the Lord," make straight in the desert a highway for our God, lowering the hills of difficulties, and making straight the crooked paths, and smoothing off the rough places, and gathering out the stones, it will, I believe, compare favorably, and will have God's approval on the great day of judgment, equal to that of those filling the most conspicuous positions.

Who can estimate the results of his labors as we see them today? The churches that he had a part in organiz-

ing, and fostered and prayed for in their infancy, have grown into a parish of nearly 2500 members, with a property valued at \$200,000, and paying last year about \$50,000 toward home expenses, and about \$5,000 for benevolences. Who can conceive of their influence in the future? Like the circle on the surface of the lake it will continue to enlarge for generations unknown.

There were those among the contemporaries of Cushing Eells who excelled him in some respects, and no one knew it better than he did; but, no one surpassed him in the impression which he made on believers and unbelievers, of his absolute integrity and godliness, and unselfish devotion to the work in which he was engaged, as well as the warm place he found in the affections of those who knew him. The initials of his name signify what he really was—C. E. "Consecrated Evangelist."

I know of no life that teaches more impressively the lesson, that a man without phenomenal mental ability, with opportunities circumscribed, by doing the best of himself and the means available, by steadfastness in pursuing the course God directed, by fidelity to duty, loyalty to truth, and warm love and the consecration of his whole being to God, can accomplish great things in life and exert a mighty influence in the extension of Christ's kingdom in the world, and make for himself an enduring name. It teaches—"That he most lives who thinks the most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR NOV. 22.

Henry K. Booth.

Songs of the Heart—XII. Gratitude and How to Express It.
Ps. 10: 3. (Thanksgiving-Day Meeting.)

Thanksgiving is the one distinctively American feast-day, and it has associations that deeply endear it to every American heart. It is surely a significant thing that on a certain appointed day all commerce and business should cease, and the President of this great nation call a whole people to return thanks to Almighty God. It recalls us to the fact that beneath all our materialism and money-madness the heart of the nation is still religious. And the day is hallowed by its association with the home. It is a season of home-coming and family reunion, when we all keep tryst about the common hearthstone. Nor is it the least of its values that it turns our thoughts back to those sturdy Pilgrim Fathers who gave us this day. It is a needed lesson in an age when luxuries have become necessities and material blessings are multiplied a thousandfold as we recall the genesis of Thanksgiving Day, and remember the poverty, distress and sorrow in which it was born. If they could offer thanks to God amid such conditions, should not our discontent and complaining bring us shame? Have we not every reason for gratitude to our God, as we live in this splendid age of privilege and opportunity?

The 103rd Psalm is the classic expression of gratitude. Not a single false note or discord mars this symphony of thanksgiving. From step to step the singer mounts up. He then turns to the justice of God, the hope of the oppressed—the poem—"the lovingkindness of Jehovah." Over and over again that theme appears, until in the finale the singer summons all the universe to join him in hymning praise to God. He enumerates the blessings he has received from God—healing of soul and body, material benefits unnumbered, so that man enters on a state of perennial youth. He then turns to the justice of God, the hope of the oppressed and downtrodden, manifest continually in the his-

tory of his people. But his chief cause of thanksgiving is the loving kindness of God. Under every possible figure—the greatness of the heavens, the tenderness of the father, eternity—he seeks to convey his awe and wonder at this quality of God which fills his soul with singing. And this beautiful psalm ends as it began with the beatitude of a human heart—"Bless the Lord, O my soul."

As we, on this approaching Thanksgiving-Day, consider how great and manifold have been God's mercies to us, we can find no more fitting words in which to give expression to the gratitude that fills our hearts than the musical cadences of this beautiful song of the heart. Let us read it over and over until its spirit no less than its language are our own.

But there is another and more vital way by which we must express our gratitude on this Thanksgiving-Day, and that is by deeds of love and kindness. It is not enough to sing our thankful hymns and bear our grateful testimonies to God's mercy. Far more welcome in His ears are the grateful cries of those whom we have helped to happiness and peace. For if we are expressing our gratitude only in words, and not in life, our songs of thanksgiving are but as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Remember Christ's parable of the Unmerciful Servant, who received mercy from his lord but exercised it not unto his fellow-men. Read the burning words of Amos (5: 21-24), of Isaiah (1: 10-17), of Jeremiah (6: 20), and realize that praises of the lips of men of unholy lives are an abomination to our God. We are to let "our lips and lives express the holy gospel we confess," and the worship of life is the most acceptable in His sight.

Let us then on this Thanksgiving Day realize that our best expression of gratitude is not in "songs of the heart," but in deeds of love and kindness. All about us are the poor, the sick, the sorrowful. Let us minister to them of our substance and our selves, and make Thanksgiving Day to them a day of joy and gladness.

A COMBINATION SUBSCRIPTION OFFER.

Persons renewing subscriptions to The Pacific before December 30 can have The Pacific and any one of the following named publications for a year for \$2.65:

Sunset Magazine, Pacific Monthly, American Magazine, American Boy, Camera Craft, Children's Magazine, Cosmopolitan Magazine, Good Health, Good Housekeeping, Harper's Bazar, Kindergarten Review, Metropolitan, Success Magazine, Travel Magazine, Van Norden's Magazine, What To Eat, Woman's Home Companion, World To-Day.

By adding 65 cents each to the \$2.65 any number of the Magazines named in the foregoing paragraph may be had. For example: Sunset and Pacific Monthly with The Pacific, \$3.30. Sunset, Pacific Monthly, and Good Housekeeping, with The Pacific, \$3.95.

For \$3.10; The Pacific and one of the following may be had: McClure's, Everybody's or Hampton's Broadway Magazine.

For \$3.50 The Pacific and The Review of Reviews.

For \$4.25 The Pacific and World's Work.

\$6.50 for \$4.05.

For \$4.05 The Pacific, Review of Reviews, and Good Housekeeping. The total price of these three publications, taken separately, would be \$6.50. We will send the three for a year for \$4.05. In place of Good Housekeeping, Sunset, Pacific Monthly or American Magazine may be substituted.

For New Subscribers for The Pacific.

Friends of The Pacific are authorized to offer to persons not now subscribers for The Pacific any one of these combinations for one dollar less than the amounts therein named. Any of the \$2.65 combinations can be had by new subscribers for The Pacific for \$1.65. The \$3.50 combination for \$2.50; the \$4.05 combination for \$3.05.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Palermo.—The Rev. C. C. Cragin has taken charge of the church at Palermo.

Black Diamond.—This church had the pleasure of having Prof. Castor of Pacific Seminary as supply last Sunday.

Fresno, First.—The Rev. Benjamin Gould who has been acting as supply for several months has accepted a call to the pastorate.

North Berkeley.—An examination of papers presented in the graded Sunday-school shows an average grade of 95. The attendance at the school has reached 190.

Guerneville.—The social hall of the church is open to the public three nights each week as a reading and club room and is thus a means of great good in the community.

Colegrove.—Nine persons were welcomed into fellowship at the recent communion, six on confession. The growth at Colegrove will necessitate enlargement of the building ere long.

San Francisco, First.—The annual business meeting was held last Wednesday evening. At the dinner which was given just before the meeting 217 had seats at the table, the exact number for which the ladies had prepared.

Martinez.—A call has been given the Rev. Edmund Owens, which has been accepted. Mr. Owens has been at McCloud since coming from Arizona several months ago.

Loomis.—The church at Loomis rejoices over the acceptance of its call to the Rev. W. E. Eckles and his entrance on the work. Mr. Eckles will have charge of the church at Rocklin in connection with Loomis, with headquarters at Loomis.

Fitchburg.—The Rev. E. E. Flint has been called to Great Falls, Montana, and has presented his resignation as pastor at Fitchburg. Mr. Flint desires a climate different from that of the coast. Hence this change. He goes to his new field the first of December.

Lodi.—At the regular communion service Sunday morning, Nov. 1, three adults were received into the church by letter. The new church building, one of the finest of its size in the state, is now completed and ready for the seats and furniture, which are being manufactured in the East by special order. The dedication will take place some time in December.

Pasadena, First.—At the meeting of the Men's Club, Nov. 2, President Sherer of Throop Polytechnic Institute was the principal after-dinner speaker. After the speaking, the proposed state constitutional amendments were informally discussed. The Senior C. E. Society recently gave a banquet to the juniors in honor of the winning side in a contest between the boys and the girls. By a narrow margin the boys won the most points for attendance on church services, Sunday-school and prayer-meetings, contributions for missionary boxes, learning Bible verses, etc.

Woodland.—The Woodland church has been seriously handicapped since the schism some years ago. All the regular services are sustained. A faithful band of workers are still on the fighting line. They are doing what they can to

make the church machinery move round. Election day the ladies of the church gave a turkey-chicken dinner. They cleared more than \$100. All were elated. The outside world had to sit up and take notice that the Puritan Church of Woodland was still alive. The ladies of this church are very active, taking their turns with the janitor's work. Rev. Mr. Charnock of Alturas preached acceptably for this church Sunday, Oct. 25th, in the absence of the pastor. Woodland church is very anxious for a lecture from Dr. Brown or Dr. Adams, the late globe trotters.

San Rafael.—Rev. Clarence H. Stevens and his estimable wife, were tendered a genuine surprise party on last Friday evening by members and friends of the church. It being the 15th anniversary of their married life it was planned to celebrate the "crystal wedding" and mark the occasion with gifts as well as good wishes. A large company gathered outside of the social hall of the building and as a prelude sang "Suwannee River." On entering they were received by Mr. and Mrs. Stevens when hearty congratulations followed. The evening was spent in songs and recitations by members and others, in which Mr. and Mrs. Stevens joined, singing with fine effect "Love Divine All Love Excelling." A number of elegant crystal dishes were on view during the evening, presented by loving friends, who were glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of showing in a measure their high appreciation of the work done by Mr. and Mrs. Stevens in building up the church numerically as well as spiritually—over 50 having been added to the membership roll since their advent in San Rafael. Good music and plenty of it is the aim of the pastor and his wife and their rich voices are heard at all the services in the grand old gospel songs, which is a great attraction and a material aid in drawing people to His holy temple. The "crystal wedding" proved a great success and everybody thoroughly enjoyed the evening—so much so that someone remarked, "Why can't we have one every month?" Dainty refreshments were served before the close by the ladies. Hearty handshaking and added good wishes for future prosperity terminated one of the most delightful gatherings ever held in the social hall. The outlook for the future of the church is very bright, and under Mr. Stevens' guidance we contemplate great results as he is a most zealous worker in the Master's vineyard.

WASHINGTON.

(Rev. C. F. Clarke, Correspondent, 7212 Woodlawn Ave., Seattle.)

Port Angeles.—The Rev. Stephen Smith recently of Lebanon, Connecticut, has been called as pastor and has accepted to enter on the work the 1st of November.

Coupeville.—The Sunday-school children were given twenty-five cents with the instructions that they were to double it for the orphans in the care of the Washington Home Finders Society. The Superintendent of the society addressed the church in the morning and took part in the evening exercises and speaks of the day as one of the most pleasant he has had since coming to his work here. The total gifts were \$30.36.

Sunday School and Publishing Society.—Number 515 Bell street, long known to all Congregational workers of the state as the residence of Dr. Samuel Greene, Superintendent, will soon be no more. The cutting down of Denny hill and extension of Dexter avenue compels the moving of the buildings for many blocks around. Dr. Greene has moved to 4039 Whitman avenue. Some time ago offices were opened in rooms in the Johnson Building where all business communications should be addressed and where Dr. Greene may be found during office hours when he is not away on the society's work. More recently Supt. Scudder moved his office to the same rooms and now the Sunday School and Home Missionary Societies have a place down town where their Superintendents may be reached conveniently. The value of this plan has been very apparent to many and we hope this will be a permanent arrangement.

Mrs. Emily M. Percival.—Mrs. Emily M. Percival, wife of Rev. John T. Percival, Sunday School Missionary for Eastern Washington, passed up into the heavenly life from

her home in Spokane on the 27th of October. She was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan G. Hoyt, and was a native of the state of New York, born April 29, 1849. At the age of 12 with her parents she removed to the state of Michigan. December 21, 1870 she was united in marriage to John T. Percival. Since 1888 their home has been in Spokane. Three children were born to them: Emily B., who is a teacher in the Longfellow school of Spokane; Mrs. Margaret V. Cartano, who lives at Seattle, and John T. Jr., who is a student at the Washington State College at Pullman. Her mother, now in her 84th year, and two of her brothers, W. S. Hoyt and Rev. F. V. Hoyt, live at Garden Springs, Spokane. Mrs. Percival was a person of most beautiful character. Her faith was as simple and sweet as that of a little child. Her love was intensest in her home which was almost ideal. But she had a deep interest in everything that pertained to her Master's work. She was always in Sunday-school and most of the time teaching, but her great work for Plymouth Church, of which she was a member for 14 years, was the perfection to which she brought its Woman's Missionary Society. For many years she was its president. One of the most far reaching lines of her activity was through the labors of her husband as Sunday School Missionary for Eastern Washington. The vast work he has accomplished in this line covering a period of over ten years has demanded the strictest economy. It has called for great perseverance and great faith on the part of some one in addition to the heroic and patriotic labors of the missionary himself. These essentials have been provided by the helpmeet now at rest. On Friday, October 30, Rev. H. Edward Mills, her pastor, conducted services at the family home. He chose as a text the words: "She hath done what she could." He pointed out how through all her life she has been doing for the Master what lay within her power. It was a cancer which caused her death. The pain incident to it she bore with the fortitude of a martyr, and she was cheering others even when most in need herself of cheer.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

In my report of the Oregon State Association, which appeared in The Pacific of October 29th, there is a misleading reference to Mrs. F. Eggert. It is stated that she "gave the results of her visit to Boston in connection with the National Federation of Woman's Clubs," whereas reference should have been made to the meeting of the "National Federation of Congregational Woman's Home Missionary State Organizations." The subject of Mrs. Eggert's excellent paper was "Our National Federation," and inasmuch as it vitally relates to a most important movement among the women of our churches, and is essentially historical in treating of the topic, I have taken the liberty of presenting it entire to the readers of The Pacific.

"The first state society of women for home and foreign work was organized in New Hampshire in August, 1804, and was called 'The Female Cent Institution,' its purpose being to have each member give one cent each week for home missionary work in her own state. The first year the receipts of this pioneer society were but \$5.00.

"Many years elapsed before the next state union was organized—(Minnesota, 1872)—followed by others, until in 1895 forty-one state organizations had been formed, each deciding upon its own form of work and the methods of carrying it forward. We differ greatly from our foreign organization—the Woman's Board—where the country is subdivided into three districts—from Maine to Ohio, Ohio to the Rocky mountains, and the states west of the Rockies, known to us as the "Woman's Board," The Board of the Interior," and the "Board of the Pacific,"—all three joining the American Board—while our state organizations have been like forty detached links, not bound into a chain.

"One or two conditions did exist, however, which, in some measure held us together. When Mrs. Caswell-

Broad had charge of the woman's department of the C. H. M. S. she traveled extensively all over the country. She visited the societies in existence, organized others, and carried friendly greetings from state to state, and each year compiled a booklet containing brief reports from the different states and valuable suggestions regarding the work.

"Again: In 1887 Mrs. William Kincaid, president of the New York State Union, suggested an annual meeting of the unions, to be held the day preceding the annual meeting of the C. H. M. S. This plan was adopted and for a number of years was conducted by our officer, and later provided for by an advisory committee of three, one from the East, one from the interior and one from the West, the senior member of the committee being presiding officer, and upon her retirement at the end of three years a woman from the same section was elected, who took a place as junior member, thus securing rotation in office and responsibility.

"On June 3, 1902, in Syracuse, N. Y., occurred the annual meeting of the Home Missionary unions, for which the speaker was responsible as chairman of the advisory committee, Mrs. Knapp of New Hampshire, and Mrs. Patton of Missouri being the other members.

"Preliminary correspondence resulted in focalizing the thought of the meeting upon four questions to be considered in the officers' conference, viz: The continuance of woman's organizations; how to make these annual meetings of lasting, practical value to the state unions; national home mission programs, with uniform helps issued from one common source and supplied to all the state unions; and, fourth, how to secure present co-operation of young people and to interest them to prepare themselves for future responsibility.

The question of national programs, introduced by Mrs. Patton's paper, gave rise to a very earnest and interesting discussion, resulting in a vote as follows: That a committee of three be appointed to prepare national programs for our home missionary unions, to be inserted in The Congregational Work during the coming year, and to report at the next annual meeting further plans for the issuing of programs. Mrs. Millard of Connecticut, Miss Sherman of Massachusetts, and Mrs. Flint of New York, were appointed, they being adjacent to publishing headquarters.

"This action, it is believed, was the entering wedge of the federative idea, the thought of unifying the plan of work and centering the interest of the workers upon one common object, not having at any previous time taken concrete form. The following year progress was reported and an earnest desire was expressed for the continuance of the programs, and this has been done up to the present time.

"In 1904 the C. H. M. S. held its annual meeting in connection with the National Council at Des Moines, Iowa. Here, at the annual meeting of the unions, the subject of federation was freely discussed, and a committee appointed to ascertain the consensus of opinion of the unions.

"In 1905, at Springfield, Mass., the Federation was formed, a constitution was adopted, and officers elected. Twenty-two states joined, and more have since come in, bringing the number up to thirty-one. The officers elected were Mrs. B. W. Firman, of Illinois, president; Mrs. Hill, of Massachusetts, Mrs. Eggert of Oregon, and Mrs. Gale of Florida, vice-presidents for the East, the West and the South, respectively; Miss McFarland of New Hampshire, secretary; and Mrs. Flint of New York, treasurer, with each state president as vice-president ex-officio and a member of the nominating committee. The officers still remain the same except that Mrs. Schneider of Illinois has suc-

ceeded Miss McFarland as secretary, and Mrs. Wey, of Georgia has succeeded Mrs. Gale as vice-president of the South.

"And now as to the benefits of the federation:

"First—Our national president has visited almost every state in the Union in the interest of our work, the first itinerary for her being arranged in our district, she being in attendance upon the American Board meeting at Seattle, just after our federation and her election, holding meetings at Seattle, Portland and several points in California. During the first year she visited each of the three vice-presidents, although they were as widely separated as the states of Oregon, Florida and Massachusetts, and addressed women in fifteen different states.

"Second—Through our grand president and her generous husband we are brought into fellowship one with another. We know that on many a field where otherwise there might be lonely work, the sympathetic chord of friendship is felt because of the federation.

"Third—The provision for literature and the interchange of literature that has been provided for, each union having only to write to the secretary to be put in touch with plans and methods of other unions.

"Fourth—It has created a medium through which, in future years, the women may become systematically helpful in raising money for missions. 'In union there is strength,' and when thirty or more organized states agree to try for the accomplishment of certain definite things, it means more than if here and there a state says 'it will do the best it can!'

"Fifth—Our woman's work is now, as never before, receiving recognition from our national societies through the American Missionary, The Home Missionary and The Congregational Work.

"Sixth—At our third annual meeting, held at Pittsfield, Mass., last May, the secretaries of the five national societies met the Federation to talk over the scope of the women's work; and by invitation the public meeting was held in joint session with the national societies, our president occupying the platform with Judge Baldwin, the vice-president of the C. H. M. S.

"Seventh, and finally—Another advantage is in our relation to other denominational bodies. We have been able to join as a body, the Interdenominational Committee of Women for Home Missionary Conferences, now representing nine denominations. Other denominations have previously been better organized, also our Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions; but by this federation we now have our assured and dignified standing among missionary workers of all denominations."

In closing Mrs. Eggert read greetings from Mrs. Firman of Illinois, the president, Mrs. Schneider of Chicago, the secretary, Mrs. Hill of Massachusetts, and Mrs. Wey of Georgia, the vice-presidents for the East and South respectively. She also stated that the traveling expenses of the president were provided for through the generosity of Mr. Firman and herself.

Portland, Nov. 7, 1908.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Bay Association will meet on the 14th of December in the First Church of Oakland.

A campaign for the raising of \$100,000 in one dollar amounts for the rehabilitation of the Methodist churches of San Francisco has been inaugurated.

The ministers of San Francisco and vicinity listened last Monday to a paper by the Rev. L. D. Rathbone, which was based on the text, "Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ,"—with some practical applications. It was a plea for good cheer and an optimistic view of things. Mr. Rathbone believes, and he showed it in his paper by statistics, that there has been during recent years an encouraging growth in Congregationalism in this part of California. If any with pessimistic views listened to him last Monday they certainly had reasons for thanking God and taking courage, after the reading of his paper. Next Monday the paper or address will be by the Rev. F. M. Price of Park Church, Berkeley.

The Rev. S. C. Patterson has been elected president of the board of directors of the Northern California Conference of Congregational Churches and Mr. Arthur Arlett, vice-president, the Rev. H. E. Jewett, secretary, Mr. Geo. H. Hawley, treasurer, and the Rev. L. D. Rathbone, superintendent of the work among the churches. An executive committee has been named by the board as follows: Revs. C. R. Brown, G. C. Adams, A. B. Patten, W. T. Patchell, S. C. Patterson, W. N. Burr, R. K. Ham, W. H. Scudder, W. H. G. Temple and Messrs. Arthur Arlett and G. W. Dickie. The duties of this committee will be very much such as those of the executive committee of the California Home Missionary Society have been. A committee on proportionate benevolences has been constituted: Revs. W. H. Scudder, H. E. Banham, A. B. Patten and Messrs. A. R. Sprague and F. F. Morse. On evangelism and fellowship: Mr. Arlett and Revs. I. C. Meserve and H. K. Booth. On education: Revs. C. G. Baldwin, W. H. Temple and Mr. C. H. Ham. Provisional program committee: Revs. A. B. Patten, H. K. Booth, Mr. G. W. Dickie and pastor of the entertaining church.

THE HOME

THE INSIDER.

"It is so good of you to put me on such a nice committee," said a new young recruit in a rather exclusive organization of women; "and I am such an outsider, too, for I don't begin to know half the members."

"My dear," said the older woman to whom she spoke, and who had met her for the first time the week before, "you are not an outsider. You are a born insider. Anyone can see that about you in five minutes."

It was quite true. The new member had only been in the town a short time, having married a young lawyer of no special prominence. But already she was at home in the church, had joined a reading class, and was heartily liked and welcomed into things by her husband's and their friends. "Mary does fit in so!" was the comment of her sister-in-law, and the fit was so perfect that in a year or two everybody forgot that Mary had lived anywhere else, and considered her in the light of a native. It was a clannish town, too—but then, Mary had gotten inside the clan and made good her place.

For being an insider is usually a case of making good. Being born in the church does not make the saint, and being born in the best social rank does not make the social leader. A child may actually become an outsider in its own family—every observer remembers such cases. There are people who from youth to old age are always outsiders, everywhere—who look on at life from their place but never reach

the heart of it. They even go through the great experiences of humanity and yet remain outside of the deepest realities. There are mothers who are outsiders to mother-love, and husbands and wives who are strangers to romance, and brothers and sisters who have no loyalty, and friends who are absolutely ignorant of unselfish affection. They never get inside the truth of things. That is left for the insiders—the poets, the saints and martyrs, the workers, the patriots, the true lovers—those who enter in to the fullness and the secrets of life and find it worth living. For since they heartily give themselves to life and are not always calculating the personal return, they are optimists *per se*.

The lack of sympathies make the outsider. The cultivation of sympathies makes the insider. Natural gifts count for much; but yet the insider must make his or her own place in the world as truly as the outsider. Someone has defined success in society as "the power of being endlessly bored." That is a true outside definition. To the outsider, the average social circle seems to contain a formidable number of tiresome people. But to the sympathetic social insider each one of these bores ceases to be a bore and becomes a human personality with at least some traits that are agreeable. The social leader likes society; it is not an insincere but a real liking. A good neighbor likes his neighbors he doesn't only pretend to. At times many people are bores and many neighbors are disagreeable; but that does not alter a permanent relation of liking. "You love a table full of books," said a woman who was a great social favorite to one who was indifferent and unpopular, "and you pick up one after another, and enjoy this or that in it. Now I feel about a roomful of people as you do about a tableful of books. I want to talk to each one, and enjoy this or that in them." Sympathy is the foundation of the insider's power of getting inside. Defective sympathies set men or women outside, and keep them so.

To be an insider you must begin young, and get interested early in people and things. The habit of being an insider then stamps itself upon one's personality. There are men to whom everything seems to come. They rise in business. They are elected to important positions. They guide the opinion of the community. But all this does not come by chance. It is the result of many interests, using the word in its etymological sense. There are women who in the neighborhood, the church, the social world, are always on the inside of everything that is going on. It is their unflinching interest in things that does it. The outsider may criticize and complain. That is the outsider's mark and function. But it is the insider who molds, makes and enjoys life.

No selfish person can be a true insider, since selfishness and sympathy are two opposite poles. No insincere person ever gets to the inside of life. The insider may have many faults, but the essential qualities of his or her success are fundamentally good—sincerity, affection, kindness, industry, self-forgetfulness, sympathy. To be at home with others, to reach out from self, to be an important part, but still a part, of a larger whole, are elementary necessities of getting inside. If we are outsiders, it is not the nature of things which is to blame. It does not shut us out; it leaves us to make and take our own place, inside or out, as we choose. A Madame Recamier will find the inner circle of any society; a Lincoln cannot be kept out of the presidential chair; a General Booth will always lead an army; and in every lesser sphere, the insider, born or made, will always get inside—where he belongs.—Priscilla Leonard.

THE CHEERFUL WIFE.

"All of you people who dole out advice to women about how to be good wives and make their husbands happy and hold men's affections are dead wrong in the tips you hand out," said a married man to me the other day. "You've got the whole proposition figured out wrong and you don't play the right quality to win."

"Very likely," I replied. "I confess with shame and contrition that I have never been a husband, or even a man, and therefore, as a matter of fact, I can only theorize about the qualities that are most desirable in a wife."

"Oh, you are not the only one that's off the track," responded the man consolingly. "There are others. Now, take the theory, for instance, that the way for a woman to keep a man's affection cinched is by keeping young and beautiful. Sounds like a winner, doesn't it, but as a matter of fact, provided a man's wife is nice and tidy looking, and will pass muster in a crowd, that's all he cares about."

"Men talk a lot about worshipping beauty, but they don't marry for it, as you can readily see if you will take a glance around the matrons of your acquaintance, half of whom are ugly enough to break a look-glass if they'd take a real, good, had squint into it. And as for a woman getting fat or thin, it doesn't make a bit of difference in a husband's feelings toward her. A man's affection for his wife doesn't wobble up and down the scales."

"Then there's the theory about the woman keeping her husband fascinated by reading up on whatever topic he is interested in so that when he comes home she can turn out the same brand of conversation that he has been indulging in all day. Rot. Utter rot. Of course, it's nice to have a wife who understands what you are talking about, and can see the point of your jokes, and has some sympathy with your occupation and hobbies, but that's as far as it goes."

"The working day generally gives a man all the shop talk he wants, and when he comes home he's glad to get a change and hear about how cute the baby did, and what the neighbors are going to have for dinner, and the latest particulars of the elopement of Mrs. Blank with Tom Smithers, or any other choice piece of scandal that a dear little wife has picked up at the female prayer-meeting or a pink tea."

"Then there's the hoary iron-bound theory that is taught every girl along with her catechism, that the quintessence of virtue in a woman and the whole duty of a wife is to be a good housekeeper and feed her husband. In the innocent fancy of a young girl, a husband figures as a ravening beast that can only be placated and made gentle enough for her to handle by throwing him beefsteak and mushrooms and chicken en casserole, and things of that sort."

"Now, far be it from me to discourage any bride in her struggle with the cook book. It's a noble and admirable study, and a well-kept house and a good dinner go a long way toward keeping matrimony from being a failure, but they are not the whole works—not by a long shot. With a good restaurant on almost every corner a man can always get plenty to eat, and if he's married to one of the women who just never can learn to keep an orderly house, all that he's got to do is to pick her up and migrate to an apartment hotel, where trained specialists have solved the physical comfort question."

"So the housekeeper problem doesn't cut the ice it is supposed to in domestic happiness, but I'll tell you what does. I'll tell you the quality in a wife that's got beauty and intelligence and cooking beat a city block. I'll tell you what is the real *sine qua non* in a wife—the one thing that, if a woman possesses it, makes her husband happy, and if she doesn't possess it, renders him miserable, and that is cheerfulness."

"Yes, ma'am, cheerfulness, plain, old-fashioned cheerfulness. The kind that meets a man at the front door with a smile that seems to say, 'This is a good old world, and you are the best thing in it,' and that can find fun and humor in little makeshifts and economies, and can turn the misadventures of the day—if the cat happens to fall into the cream or the cream or the cook breaks the parlor vase—into a screaming farce that will make you die of laughter as she recounts it."

"That's the quality in a woman that's all wool and a yard wide, and that doesn't wear out nor shrink in the wash of married life. It's the knowledge that he's going to get a jolly welcome that hastens a man home at night. It's knowing that when he tells his wife things have gone wrong in business, she's going to turn a bright, smiling face on him and tell him that it's all right, and that he'll pull through and that it will all turn out for the best, that binds him to her with hooks of steel."

"You bet a man with that sort of a wife isn't moseying around hunting for an affinity. He's found her. She may not be much to look at, and she may not have a line of intellectual conversation that would make anybody sit up, and she may be a little shy on housekeeping, but she's there with the sunshiny goods that warm the cockles of his heart, and she's got him nailed tight and fast. Hey, boys?"

"That's so," responded the other men. "Half of the men who wander away from their own firesides are on a still hunt for some cheerful woman with whom to spend their evenings."—Dorothy Dix.

Young People

WHEN FRED CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT THINGS.

Fred Smith did not try to hide the fact that he disliked going to school. Indeed, he had often said to his comrades "Gee whiz, boys, I'd rather work at day labor than go to school!"

One evening during the first week of the Fall term of school Fred was loitering along the street, going home. He had been kept in after school for having missed his geography lesson and had been obliged to learn and recite the lesson after the other pupils had been dismissed for the day. And the teacher had reprimanded him severely for his conduct, knowing his habits from the previous year.

So as Fred wandered along homeward he was in a happy mood. "It's beastly, this going to school," he remarked to himself. "If you miss a lesson you've got to stay in half an hour—or long enough to get it—after the regular school hours. Now, it's bad enough to stay in the school house for the required time; but to be obliged to stay—"

But Fred broke off his soliloquy, for just as he turned a corner he saw an old man with a small street telescope. He was placing it in position near to the curb to be in readiness when the early moon should appear in the sky. Fred walked up to him and asked if he'd be there after dark.

"Yes, indeed, my son," replied the old man. "I'll have this instrument directed on the moon, and for ten cents you may have a good look at our beautiful daughter—for the moon is the earth's daughter, you know."

"All right, I'll be around after supper to take a trip to the moon," laughed Fred. Then, forgetting his school troubles, he hurried home to tell his mother about the telescope and ask her for the required sum to look at the moon.

And hardly had the moon come out in the deep blue of the night sky when Fred ran to the corner where the telescope was placed, and paying the owner the fee took a good look at the moon through the magnifying instrument. How grand it was—shining like gold and its surface so plain

visible! The range of mountains on its right hand side stood out as though they were only a few hundred miles distant from where Fred stood instead of so many, many thousands. "Oh, it's great!" cried Fred. "I'd like to go there in a balloon!"

"There is no life on the moon, lad," explained the old astronomer. "The brown spots you see about its surface are the dry sea beds. No water is there, consequently there is no atmosphere. So, were it possible for you to reach the moon, you would die there for want of breath."

"Oh!" said Fred. Then, his time being up, the owner of the telescope asked him to step aside that others might have their turn to look at the moon.

But even then Fred hung about the telescope, listening earnestly to every word that the old astronomer said. And the more he heard the more he longed to know of the moon and the other celestial bodies that floated through space.

That day after going to bed he lay thinking of what he had seen and heard. "No water, no atmosphere, no life on the moon," he reflected. Then a voice spoke to him from the depths of the darkest corner of the room: "Of course, there is life on the moon, boy," it said. "Just hustle into your clothes and come with me and I'll show you if I'm not speaking the truth."

Fred arose on his elbow, looked into the corner of the room whence the voice proceeded and to his utter amazement there stood the old astronomer who had been at the street corner with the little telescope.

"Why, sir, you are the very person who told me there was no life on the moon and no atmosphere or water either. What do you mean now by saying something directly contradictory to what you told me this evening?" exclaimed Fred.

"Ah, ha, my son," laughed the old man. "And so you just believe the first thing you hear, do you?" Well, that's like a boy who hates school. What can you ever know if you won't read and learn, eh?"

"An how do you know I hate school?" asked Fred, now sitting on the side of the bed. "I never had any conversation with you regarding school."

"That doesn't matter," grinned the old man. "In the first place, you were ignorant of the condition of the moon, and when I told you there was so and so there—or not so and so there, you believed me. Now, how do you know I was telling you the truth this evening? Maybe I am speaking the truth now—and maybe I'm not, eh?" And again the old man grinned.

Fred's face burned with shame. He was a proud boy and hated to have any one think him ignorant. And he felt not a little surprised that this old stranger should have struck upon the truth. He had never given the thought of education due consideration before. But now he knew what it meant.

"Well, my boy, I was much like you as I grew up," said the old man, breaking in on Fred's reverie. I hated school. I hated work the same way. I just wanted to roam about and have a good time. I'm old and ignorant and poor. All I have is the little telescope instrument which you looked through at the moon tonight. And it brings me a very poor livelihood. There are stormy nights when I can't get a glimpse of a star. There are the seasons when we have no moon. And even in moon time there are cloudy nights that cut off my income. So you will see how precarious my living is. Ah, I loved to hear about the heavenly bodies when I was young, but I could not apply myself to study. Had I done so I might now be professor of astronomy in a fine university, instead of tramping about the country trying to pick up a few dimes in this uncertain way. Ah, if only

youth knew its possibilities, its advantages!"

This old man sighed heavily. Then he rose to depart. "I must be going, for the night is clear and we have a fine moon. I'll get a few coins to keep body and soul together."

Then he went to the window and stepped out through it upon the lawn. Fred's heart throbbed with pity for him—a sad, disappointed old man. He ran to the window to call him, to tell him he would ask his parents to assist him if he were ever in distress, but when he attempted to put his head out of the window he felt a keen blow and fell back, holding his head. Then he opened his eyes to find himself standing beside the closed door, which was on the opposite side of the room from the window.

Fred rubbed his head—which he had bumped pretty hard against the oak door—and then rubbed his eyes, returned to the side of the bed and sat down. Had he been dreaming? Most certainly he had, or had he? He would have been so positive that the old astronomer had been talking to him—there in that room—had it not been for that awful bump against the door when he thought he was at the open window. Then he went to the window to look out, for if there had been anyone in that room and he had gone through the window he could still be seen going off down the street toward the center of the town.

Fred looked and looked in vain for the tall, bent form of a man going off through the moonlight. The street was entirely deserted. Then the dream—if dream it was—held him so in its grip that he couldn't get to sleep for ever and ever so long.

"Ah, the old man said rightly," he soliloquized. "What do I know of the moon or any other heavenly body? In fact, what do I know of anything except playing and eating and sleeping, for I never get a lesson that I can slip out of. Well, I reckon it doesn't pay. Gee! I'd love to be an astronomer—a real one—not just a poor old make-believe, like the old man with the little telescope in the street. I'd love to know about the moon, the stars, the sun. And how easy it is to learn it all, too, if I'll just buckle down to school. Why, dad told me the other day that he'd send me to college as soon as I was advanced enough to go."

"Well, if I play all the term I'll never be any further advanced than I am now. And any one can tell me what they want to about the moon and stars and sun and I have no better sense than to believe them. I reckon I'd better get to work finding out things for myself. After all it's a fine thing to be a scholar. And you've got to work to get anything, too. Even grub has to be chewed. It doesn't pay to go through life like a numbskull. Mamma and dad are doing their level best for me, the teachers are doing their part, but I'm the off-member. I'll show them all something tomorrow, though. I mean to learn, and to learn a lot, too. And some day I'll be an astronomer—a great one, not a poor old tramp wandering about the country with a baby telescope."

Then Fred dropped to sleep and dreamed of the moon, the stars and the sun and that he had paid them each a visit. And in the morning he was so full of the thought of astronomy, of learning in general, that he threw his arms about his mother's neck and said: "Mamma, I'm going to turn over a new leaf today. I'm going to study and learn all there is to know. I don't want to grow up a poor ignoramus, I don't. And, mamma, I'm going to become an astronomer. It'll be glorious—glorious—to spend my nights in the sky!"

And from the expression on her son's face the good mother knew he meant what he said, and she was glad. And she knew Fred well enough to feel sure that he would keep his word.

And he did.—Washington Star.

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly,
"Oh, mother! Take my hand," said she,
And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
—John Greenleaf Whittier.
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of thee.
The habit of looking on the best side
of every event is worth more than a
thousand pounds a year.—Johnson.

AN ALLEGORY.

Anna R. Crever.

And the King said to the Wise One;
"It grieveth me much that the Lore of
the Earth-Ages should be lost when the
time shall come for all things to pass.
Is there no way, O Wise One, that the
great things that men have said and
written may be taken over into Para-
dise?"

And the Wise One made answer:
"There is but one way, O King!"

And he brought into the King's pres-
ence a strange and wonderful tapestry—
its colors woven of all colors known to
the eye; its threads shimmered in the
sun like fine gold!

And the King said: "O Wise One, how
marvellous and how beautiful!"

"Yes," said the Wise One, "by this
only may the Lore of the Earth-Ages
be taken into Paradise. Though all
have helped to weave it, yet no one
has the holding."

And the King was exceeding glad
that the Wise One had found a way to
carry the Lore of the Earth-Ages into
Paradise. And the King said, joyfully:
"O Wise One, tell me the name of this
wonderful Fabric!"

And the Wise One made answer: "O
King, the name of the Fabric is Charac-
ter!"

DAINTY DOINGS DEFTLY DONE.

Nature does some things by earth-
quakes, volcanoes, lightnings, glaciers,
cyclones, ocean's fury, but she also does
some things deftly. She wings some
seeds with a hundred wings, she at-
tracts the bee by far-flung fragrance,
sends health by the imperceptible ozone
of the forest, brings down the dew by
the same force of gravitation that han-
dles worlds and suns; and the morning
stars sing sweetly in harmony, "but
while this muddy vesture of decay doth
grossly clothe us in we cannot hear it."

So man. He deals in explosives, 23,-
000 horse-power steamships, etc., but he
does some things daintily. I propose to
treat of a few.

In the time of horse cars in Philadel-
phia I used to pity the horses starting
an overloaded car. They struck a rain
of fire as their feet slipped on the

smooth stones, bowed their heads and
put for their utmost strength only to re-
peat the agony at the stopping and start-
ing for the next block.

How I wished for time to contrive
some way of storing up the mighty mo-
mentum wasted in the stopping, and
using it to start with. But it was all
wasted on the brake, wearing out ma-
chinery and wearying the driver. I
never found the time.

But they do it now in New York in
the subways. How? When a train
lashes up to a station it finds a sharp up
grade to the track, and the force of mo-
mentum is absorbed in lifting the whole
train up to the place of stopping. Then
the engine takes a reverse grade down
to the former general level and has all
the force of gravitation to acquire speed
quickly for the new dash to the next
station. Thus the great waste of elec-
tric propulsion, the great strain on ma-
chinery, the wear of brake, and slowness
of getting under way, are prevented.
How easy! It only took a little think-
ing.—Bishop Warren, in the Epworth
Herald.

University Park, Colo.

With most men duty means something
unpleasant which the other fellow ought
to do.—George Horace Lorimer.

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